

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WINDOWS, CONSIDERED FROM INSIDE.

THE other day a butterfly came into our room, and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point—relieving your butterfly—he is a creature so delicate. If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away, on your fingers, something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers; and as there are no fairies at hand, two atoms high, to make pens of the quills, and write “articles” on the invisible, there would be a loss. Mr. Bentham’s ghost would visit us, shaking his venerable locks at such unnecessary-pain-producing and reasonable-pleasure-preventing heedlessness. Then, if you brush him downwards, you stand a chance of hurting his antennæ, or feelers, and of not knowing what mischief you may do to his eyes, or his sense of touch, or his instruments of dialogue; for some philosophers hold that insects talk with their feelers, as dumb people do with their fingers. However, some suffering must be hazarded in order to prevent worse, even to the least and most delicate of heaven’s creatures, who would not know pleasure if they did not know pain; and perhaps the merrier and happier they are in general, the greater the lumps of pain they can bear. Besides, all must have their share, or how would the burthen of the great blockish necessity be equally distributed: and finally, what business had little Papilio to come into a place unfit for him, and get bothering himself with glass? Oh, faith!—your butterfly must learn experience, as well as your Bonaparte.

There was he, beating, fluttering, flouncing,—wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter (for so glass appears to be to insects, as well as to men) and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! What feathers and colours, strewed about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball-room door, for not being let in!

But we had a higher simile for him than that. “Truly,” thought we, “little friend, thou art like some of the great German transcendentalists, who in thinking to reach at heaven by an impossible way (such at least it seemeth at present) run the hazard of cracking their brains, and spoiling their wings for ever; whereas if thou, and they, would but stoop a little lower, and begin with earth first, there, before thee, lieth open heaven as well as earth; and thou mayest mount high as thou wilt, after thy own happy fashion, thinking less, and enjoying all things.”

And hereupon we contrived to get him downwards,—and forth, out into the air, sprang he,—first against the lime-trees, and then over them into the blue æther—as if he had resolved to put our advice into practice.

We have before spoken of the fret and fury into which the common fly seems to put himself against a window. Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge; and slip about with a strange air of hopelessness. They seem to “give it up.” These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at court, “it is pretty to observe.” Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning,—so substantial and yet so air-like, so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let in light, the gentlest of all things,—so palpably something, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of nothing! It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect, which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt (as

we used to do) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes, their stoppings (as if to take breath), and then their re-commencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose that they do this for mere pleasure, for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle. Yet in autumn, in their old age, flies congregate in windows as elsewhere, and will take the matter so quietly as sometimes to stand still for hours together. We suppose they love the warmth, or the light; and that either they have found out the secret as to the rest, or

“Years have brought the philosophic mind.”

Why should Fly plague himself any longer with household matters which he cannot alter? He has tried hard in his time; and now he resigns himself like a wise insect, and will taste whatsoever tranquil pleasures remain for him, without beating his brains or losing his temper any longer. In natural lives, pleasure survives pain. Even the artificial, who keep up their troubles so long by pride, self-will, and the want of stimulants, contrive to get more pleasure than is supposed out of pain itself, especially by means of thinking themselves ill-used, and of grumbling. If the heart (for want of better training) does not much keep up its action with them, the spleen does; and so there is action of some sort: and whenever there is action, there is life; and life is found to have something valuable in it for its own sake, apart from ordinary considerations either of pain or pleasure. But your fly and your philosopher are for pleasure too, to the last, if it be harmless. Give old Musca a grain of sugar, and see how he will put down his proboscis to it, and dot, and pound, and suck it in, and be as happy as an old West India gentleman pondering on his sugar cane, and extracting a pleasure out of some dulcet recollection.

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two rain drops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry, even when they win, compared with observers whose resources need never fail them! To the latter, if they please, the rain-drop itself is a world,—a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion, and reflection, and the elements, and light, and colour, and roundness, and delicacy, and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dew drops on the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water, we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made. Thus, the commonest rain-drop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature’s school, thus becomes a book, or a picture, on which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvas be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it. Not that we are to predicate ignorance of your glazier now-a-days, any more than of other classes that compose the various readers of penny and three-half-penny philosophy,—cheap visitor, like the sunbeams, of houses of all sorts. The glazier could probably give many a richer man information respecting his glass, and his diamond, and his putty, (no anti-climax in these analytical days,) and let him into a secret or two, besides, respecting the amusement to be derived from it. (We have just got up from our work to inform ourselves of the nature and properties of the said mystery, putty; and should blush

for the confession, if the blush would not imply that a similar ignorance were less common with us than it is.)

But a window is a frame for other pictures besides its own; sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it, with their lights and shades; often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable, even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it; much more in the sunny vine-leaves or roses that may be visible on the borders, or that are trailed against it, and which render many a poor casement so pleasant. The other day, in a very humble cottage window in the suburbs, we saw that beautiful plant, the nasturtium, trained over it on several strings; which must have furnished the inmates with a screen as they sat at their work or at their tea inside, and at the same time, permitted them to see through into the road, thus constituting a far better blind than is to be found in many great houses. Sights like these give a favourable impression of the dispositions and habits of the people within,—show how superior they are to their sophistications, if rich, and how possessed of natural refinement, if among the poorer classes. Oh! the human mind is a fine graceful thing everywhere, if the music of nature does but seize its attention, and throw it into its natural attitude. But so little has the “school-master” yet got hold of this point, or made way with it, and so occupied are men with digging gold out of the ground, and neglecting the other treasures which they toss about in profusion during the operation (as if the clay were better than the flowers which it produced,) that few make the most of the means and appliances for enjoyment that lie round about them, even in their very walls and rooms. Look at the windows down a street, and generally speaking, they are all barren. The inmate might see through roses and geraniums, if they would; but they do not think of it, or not with loving knowledge enough to take the trouble. Those who have the advantage of living in the country or the suburbs, are led in many instances to do better, though their necessity for agreeable sights is not so great. But the presence of nature tempts them to imitate her. There are few windows any where which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant ones, and to the air. For a few pence, they might have beautiful colours and odours, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May; for they who cultivate flowers in their windows (as we have hinted before,) are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves; nay, in one respect they do it more so; for you may observe, that wherever there is this “fenestral horticulture,” (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening,) the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

But “there is an art in the shutting and opening of windows.”—Yes, for the sake of air (which ought to be had night as well as day, in reasonable measure, and with precautions) and for the sake of excluding, or admitting, what is to be seen out of doors. Suppose, for example, a house is partly opposite some pleasant, and partly some unpleasant object; the one, a tree or a garden; the other, a gin-shop or a squalid lane. The sight of the first should be admitted as constantly as possible, and with open window. That of the other, if you are rich enough, can be shut out with a painted blind, that shall substitute a beautiful landscape for the nuisance; or a blind of another sort will serve the purpose; or if even

a blind cannot be afforded, the shutters may be partly closed. Shutters should always be divided in two, horizontally as well as otherwise, for purposes of this kind. It is sometimes pleasant to close the lower portion, if only to preserve a greater sense of quiet and seclusion, and to read or write the more to yourself; light from above having both a softer and stronger effect, than when admitted from all quarters. We have seen shutters, by judicious management in this way, in the house of a poor man who had a taste for nature, contribute to the comfort and even elegance of a room in a surprising manner, and (by the opening of the lower portions and the closure of the upper) at once shut out all the sun that was not wanted, and convert a row of stunted trees into an appearance of interminable foliage, as thick as if it had been in a forest.

"But the fact was otherwise," cries some fastidious personage, more nice than wise; "you knew there was no forest, and therefore could not have been deceived."

"Well, my dear Sir, but deception is not necessary to every one's pleasure; and fact is not merely what you take it for. The fact of there being no forest might have been the only fact with yourself, and so have prevented the enjoyment; but to a livelier fancy, there would have been the fact of the imagination of the forest (for every thing is a fact which *does* any thing for us)* and there would also have been the fact of having cultivated the imagination, and the fact of our willingness to be pleased, and the fact of the books we have read, and above all, the fact of the positive satisfaction. If a man be pleased, it is in vain you tell him he has no cause to be pleased. The cause is proved by the consequence. Whether the cause be rightly or wrongly cultivated, is another matter. The good of it is assumed in the present instance; and it would take more facts than are in the possession of a "mere matter of fact man" to disprove it. Matter of fact and spirit of fact must both be appreciated, in order to do justice to the riches of nature. We are made of mind as well as body,—of imagination as well as senses. The same mysterious faculty which sees what is before the eyes, sees also what it suggested to the memory. Matter of fact is only the more palpable world, around which a thousand spirits of fact are playing, like angels in a picture. Not to see both, is to be a poor unattended creature, who walks about in the world conscious of nothing but himself, or at best of what the horse-jockey and the coachmaker has done for him. If his banker fails, he is ruined! Not so those, who in addition to the resources of their industry, have stock in all the banks of nature and art, (pardon us this pun for the sake of what grows on it), and whose consolations cannot wholly fail them, as long as they have a flower to look upon, and a blood not entirely vitiated.

A window, high up in a building, and commanding a fine prospect, is a sort of looking out of the air, and gives a sense of power, and of superiority to earth. The higher also you go, the healthier. We speak of such windows as Milton fancied, when he wished that his lamp should be seen at midnight in "some high lonely tower;" a passage, justly admired for the goodnature as well as loftiness of the wish, thus desiring that wayfarers should be the better for his studies, and enjoy the evidence of their fellow-creature's vigils. But elevations of this kind are not readily to be had. As to health, we believe that a very little lift above the ground floor, and and so on as you ascend, grows healthier in proportion. Malaria (bad air) in the countries where a plague of that kind is prevalent, is understood to be confined to a certain distance from the earth; and we really believe, that even in the healthiest quarters, where no positive harm is done by nearness to it, the air is better as the houses ascend, and a seat in a window becomes valuable in proportion. By and bye, perhaps, studies and other favourite sitting rooms will be built accordingly; and more retrospective reverence be shewn to the "garrets" that were once so famous in the annals of authorship. The poor poet in Pope, who lay

* *Facio, factum (Latin)*—to do, done. What is done in imagination, makes a greater or less impression according to the power to receive it; but it is unquestionably done, if it impresses us at all; and thus becomes, after its kind, a fact. A stupid fellow, utterly without imagination, requires tickling to make him laugh; a livelier one laughs at a comedy, or at the bare apprehension of a thing laughable. In both instances there is a real impression though from very different causes, one from "matter of fact," (if you please) the other from spirit of fact; but in either case the thing is *done*, the fact takes place. The moving cause exists somehow, or how could we be moved?

High in Drury lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,

was better off there, than if he had occupied the ground floor. For our parts, in order that we may save the dignity of our three-halfpenny meditations, and at the same give evidence of practising what we preach, we shall finish by stating, that we have written this article in a floor neither high enough to be so portical nor low enough for too earthly a prose,—in a little study made healthy by an open window, and partly screened from overlookers by a bit of the shutter, while our look-out presents us with a world of green leaves, and a red cottage top, a gothic tower of a church in the distance, and a glorious apple-tree close at hand, laden with its yellow balls.

"Studded with apples, a beautiful shew."

Some kindness of this sort Fortune has never failed to preserve to us, as if in return for the love we bear to her rolling globe; and now that the sincerity of our goodwill has become known, none seem inclined to grudge it us, or to dispute the account to which we may turn it, for others as well as ourselves.

We had something more to say of seats in windows, and a good deal of windows at inns, and of sitting and looking out of windows; but we have other articles to write this week, of more length than usual, and must reserve it for a future number.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 27th of August, to Tuesday the 2d of September.

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—FOWLING.

THE second of September is terrible in the annals of the French Revolution, for a massacre, the perpetrators of which were called *Septembrizers*. Far are we from intending to compare the sufferings of a thinking and social creature like man with those of inferior animals; but inasmuch as he is their superior in thought and sympathy, he is bound to be consistent, for their sakes as well as his own; and if the birds had the settlement of almanacks, new and startling would be the list of *Septembrizers* and their fusillades,—amazing the multitude of good-humoured and respectable faces that would have to look in the glass of a compulsory knowledge, and recognize themselves for slaughterers by wholesale, or worse distributors of broken bones and festering dislocations.

"And what" (a reader may ask) "would be the good of that, if these gentlemen are not aware of their enormities? Would it be doing any thing but substituting one pain for another, and setting men's minds upon needless considerations of the pain which exists in the universe?"

Yes;—for in the first place, these gentlemen are perhaps not quite so innocent and unconscious, as in the gratuitousness of our amazingly liberal philosophy we are willing to suppose them. Secondly, should they cease to give pain, they would cease to feel it in its relation to themselves: and Lastly, as to the pain existing in the universe, people in general are not likely to feel it too much, especially the healthy: nor ought any body to do so, in a feeble sense, as long as he does what he can to diminish it, and trusts the rest to providence and futurity. What we are incited by our own thoughts or those of others, to amend, it becomes us to consider to that end: what we cannot contribute any amendment to, we must think of as well as we can contrive. The greater number of sportsmen are not a very thoughtful generation. No harm would be done them, by putting a little more consideration into their heads. On the other hand, all sportsmen are not so comfortable in their reflections, as their gaiety gives out; and the moment a man finds a contradiction in himself between his amusements and his humanity, it is a signal that he should give them up. He will be hurting his nature in other respects, as well as in this, if he does not take care: he will be exasperating his ideas of his fellow-creatures, of the world, of God himself; and thus he will be inflicting pain on all sides, for the sake of tearing out of it a doubtful pleasure.

"But it is effeminate to think too much of pain, under any circumstances." Yes,—including that of leaving off a favourite pastime. Oh—we need not want noble

pains, if we are desirous of them, depend upon it,—pains of honourable endeavours, pains of generous sympathy, pains, most masculine pains, of self-denial. Are not these more manly, more anti-effeminate, than playing with life, and suffering like spoilt children, and cracking the legs of partridges?

Most excellent men have there been, and doubtless are, among sportsmen,—truly gallant natures, reflecting ones too,—men of fine wit and genius, and kind as mother's milk in all things but this,—in all things but killing mothers, because they are no better than birds, and leaving the young to starve in the nest, and strewing the brakes with agonies of feathered wounds. If we presume to think ourselves capable of teaching them better, it is only upon points of this nature, and because for want of early habit and example, our prejudices have not been enlisted against our reflection. Most thankfully would we receive the wisdom they might be able to give us on all other points. But see what habit can do with the best natures, and how inferior ones may sometimes be put upon a superior ground of knowledge, from the absence of it. Gilbert Wakefield we take to have been a man of a crabbed nature, as well as confined understanding, compared with Fox; yet in the public argument he had with him on this subject, he undoubtedly had the best of it, poorly as it was managed by him. The good-natured statesman could only retreat into vague generalities, and smiling admissions, and hope that his correspondent would not think ill of him. And who does? For our parts, inclined as we are for some reasons to like both the men, we love Fox always, almost when he is on the instant of pointing his gun, and are equally inclined to quarrel with the tone and manner of the other, even when in the act of abasing it. But what does this prove, except the danger of a bad habit to the self-reconciling instincts of a fine enjoying nature, and to the example which flows from it into so much reconcilement to others? When a common, hard-minded sportsman takes up his fowling-piece, we only think of him as a kind of wild beast on two legs, pursuing innocently his natural propensities, and about to seek his prey, as a ferret does, or a wild cat; but the more of a man he is, the more bewildered and dangerous become our thoughts respecting the meeting of extremes; and when Fox takes up the death-tube, we sophisticate for his sake, and are in hazard of becoming effeminate to the subject, purely to shut our eyes to the cruelty in it, and let the pleasant gentleman have his way.

As to the counter-arguments about providence and permission of evil, they are edge tools which it has hitherto turned out to be nothing but a presumption to play with. What the mind may discover in those quarters of speculation, it is impossible to assert; but as far as it has looked yet, nothing is ascertained, except that the circle of God's privileges is one thing, and that of man's another. If we knew all about pain and evil, and their necessities, and their consequences, we might have a right to inflict them, or to leave them untouched; but not being possessed of this knowledge, and on the other hand being gifted with doubts, and sympathies, and consciences, after our human fashion, we must give our fellow creatures the benefit of those doubts and consciences, and cease to assume the rights of gods, upon pain of becoming less than men, and losing all real pleasure.

But not to touch upon this question more solemnly than we can help, especially when the gravest reflections upon it may be suggested in a lighter manner, we will take the liberty of laying before the reader an article which we wrote upon it some years back, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. We will give the whole of it, because it begins with a country picture, the great refreshment in all matters of sporting. And as we have done justice to the finer understandings that are to be found in connection with these pastimes, the reader will here see that we have not failed to do as much to the inferior ones, notwithstanding what we have just said of their least favourable sample.

A COUNTRY LODGING.—*Dialogue with a Sportsman.*

Poulton, September 20th.

On my way back to town the other evening from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I

was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It also was clean, and had a decent-looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?"—"Yes, Sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of morning." "And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid whom it is a sight to see carrying it over the field."—"Why, Sir," said my hostess, good-humouredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid, I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Pouldon, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and every thing else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."—"Well, Madam," said I, "I shall desire nothing of you, you may depend on it, unbecoming the dignity of Pouldon or the pretty whiteness of these window-curtains."—"I dare say we shall agree very well, Sir," said my good woman with a gracious smile.

The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snuggler, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing. The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it.

"Pray, Mrs. Wilton, have you any books?"

"Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, Sir, with that leg?"

"I'll study without it, if you can undo it for me."

"Dear me! Sir, but won't it make you feverish?"

"Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilton, in order to bear it: so if you have any novels or comedies—"

"Why, for novels or comedies, Sir, I can't say. But I'll shew you what there is. When our lady was alive, res. her soul! eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own."

"I see," said I, as she left the room. "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman. Nay, I'll behave in the most impudent manner, and send all round. 'Necessitas non habet leges,' as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A habit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?"

Mrs. Wilton returned with an arm full. "This, Sir," said she, giving me the top one, "our lady left me for a keep-sake."

It was Mrs. Chapon's Essays. "Pray," said I, "Mrs. Wilton, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our lady*?"

"Mrs. Wilton looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. "Mrs. V., Sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, Sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, Sir; her mother was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson."

"Oh ho!" thought I, looking over the books, "then we shall have Pamela."—There was the *Farrier's Guide*, some *Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood* (my hostess was a carpenter's widow), *Jachin and Boaz* (which she called a strange fantastic book), *Glass's Cookery*, *Wesley's Receipts*, an old *Court Calendar*, the *Whole Duty of Man*, an odd volume of the *Newgate Calendar*, the *Life of Colonel Gardner*, and, as sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, *Pamela*, or *Virtue Rewarded*. "Virtue Rewarded!" thought I: "I hate these eternal mercenary virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience."

"You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilton."

"Sure, Sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune!"

"Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant!"

"To every body that has to do with it. Miss V. was—dubious like—which of the cottages to live in; and the fancied ours, because she found Pamela and Colonel Gardner in the corner cupboard."

"I dare say.—Now here," said I, when left to myself, "here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother."

With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a prize of the man, who, finding his endeavours vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela's is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. "And this," said I, "was the old maid's taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid."

While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treated with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into "methodistical" lodgings, my hostess, comes back again, with three more books, to wit, *Paradise Lost*, *Thomson's Seasons*, and a volume containing the whole of the *Spectator* in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese oath: "Here thou art at home again, Harry! This is sense. This is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage; and, for aught I know, had the honour of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamt of Pamela, and Dick Honeycombe, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious Commonwealth officer approved, "because," said he, "of the other's immoral character." In one of my reveries, between sleep and awake, I hardly knew whether the rustling sounds I heard were those of the trees out-of-doors, or of old Mrs. Harlowe's petticoat.

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the *chaney* shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, or those others on the coloured bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, repeated in the same group at intervals all over the chintz, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see nothing outside but green leaves.

However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window you can see nothing but trees, but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a style to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Pouldon is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septemberers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters and the rest of the costume of *avicide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun re-prepared. "Ay," said I, "he has 'shot as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor devil with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital, and they have none."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said he, "why where the devil have you got? D—n me, if I don't blow. You deserve it, Harry, for keeping so close. I'll tell Tom Neville and the rest, d—mme, if I don't. Snug's the word, eh? Is she pretty? Some delicate little devil, I warrant, fit for your verses and all that, eh?"

"She's too delicate for you, Jack; you'd frighten her."

"Oh, don't tell me. They're not frightened so easily. What the devil are you putting out of the way there? You may try to laugh as you please; but hang me, Harry—I musn't come up, I suppose?"

"Pray do; and (lowering my voice) I'll introduce you to a little friend of mine, of the name of Leg. Jack! Jack! I say nothing at the door—Most respectable woman—You understand me."

Jack (who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it), clapped a finger significantly on one side of his nose, and knocked very much like a gentleman. Presently he came into the room grinning and breathing like an ogre. "My dear Honeycomb, how are you?—an unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself: something about a horse—what Bayardo the spotted, eh? (Here Mrs. Wilson left the room, and Jack burst out.) Oh, you devil! Well, where's Lalage? Where's Miss Leg—Fanny or Betty, or what the devil's her name?"

"The poor thing has a very odd name, Jack. What think you of Bad Leg?"

"Nonsense. Miss Bad Leg; impossible. I know of nobody of the name of Bad. Come, you're joking; and I can't stop long. I'll come back to dinner, if you like; but must be off now;—so introduce me. Is that the way there?"

"No, this is the way, Jack. Little Bad Leg, my dear creature, allow me to introduce my friend John Tomkins, Esquire, of Galloping Hall. John Tomkins—Bad Leg."

"Eh? pooh, pooh, Harry. This is one of your fetches. Come, come, I know your goes."

"Egad, Jack, it's neither my fetch nor my go, at present, I assure you. There is an old epigram—"

'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,

'To stand or go.' If he says true, he lies:—

which is not true; for he may sit, as I am obliged to do at this present."

I had some difficulty in persuading my friend Tomkins that there was no other leg in the case than my own. "Well, Harry," says he, "I am heartily sorry for it, upon my soul; for now as you have caught me with my Joe Manton, I suppose I'm to be had up for fetching down a few birds; whereas if I could have fairly found you out in your tricks with the cottagers, d—n a me if I couldn't have read you a bit of a lecture myself, by way of a muffler."

"Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact, and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not above cutting up a parcel of tom-tits."

"Grouse, Harry, grouse, and partridges and pheasants, and all that. Tom-tits! let the cockneys try to cut up tom-tits."

"Well, to be sure there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tom-tits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge."

"Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman; and I say, Harry, by G—d, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humoured fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilton and the doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's opinion by my defence of the bird-creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his ease in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ Church man—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I sha'n't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat any thing. What is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?"

"No, Jack; but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry."

"That's famous. Bilson to be sure, —But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken."

"I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down. I could give up poultry too; but death is common to all; a fowl is soon despatched; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment: that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a foppery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you; so drink your claret, and tell me where you were yesterday."

"Why at Bilson's, I tell you, and so I must talk while I think of it. We had a famous joke with Bilson. Since he went into orders, he is very anxious not to

swear; and so he laid a wager he'd never swear again; and yesterday, in the middle of dinner, while he was champing his bird, and cutting up your argument about cruelty, all of a sudden what does our vicar but clap his hand to his jaw as if he was going to give a view holla, and rap out the d—dest oath you ever heard. He had champed a shot, by G—d, with an old tooth. Now that's meat and drink to you, Harry, for all your tenderness."

"Why, it was only a shot in a black coat, Jack, instead of a black cock."

"That's famous. I'll tell him of that. Oh, Hal, your laugh is savage. See—you enjoy the sport now yourself."

"It ought to be a lesson to him."

"Oh yes! mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havock with our amusements."

"Excuse me. It is you that make fine havock. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures."

"Fellow-creatures! and their 'hearts!' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges! Pooh, pooh! Bilson might have borne his pain better, I own, though it's a d—d thing, that sort of jar; but what he says, is very true;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light."

"Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker."

"Nonsense. That's a very different thing."

"Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the skull?"

"Nonsense."

"Or a thrust-out of your eye?"

"No, no: all that's very different."

"Well: you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavour to shoot you handsomely through the body."

"Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're not Christians. They're not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things."

"Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue if I had the winging of you. Here I should say, is Mr. John Tomkins. Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge."

"With your what?"

"With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down."

"Oh, now you're joking."

"I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. Here, says I, is Mr. John Tomkins coming; or Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waistcoat (we can't say feather, you know:) keep close: now for my Joe Mampton: you shall see how I'll pepper him. 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so if they bleed, it does not signify:—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no arm to any body; and if I wound him, why he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days, and who cares for that?'"

"Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that."

"Excellent: but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air."

"But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can get out: and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about."

"The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about."

"Well, you know what I mean. I mean that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another."

"Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins."

"What I mean to say is, that there's pain in the world already: we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think."

"Well said indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things."

"A sportsman can bear pain as well as any body."

"Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another's pain. Why does he not begin with himself?"

"How with himself?"

"Why you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and

boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one's-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and tortures upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Tomkins, you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on."

"I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of?"

"How many birds do you wound instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butchery enough: but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the "sport" and the "amusement" like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the "celebrated" and "highly respectable." I don't speak of you, Jack; but of those who make a profession of thinking, which you know you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?"

"I've got the d—dest toothache come upon me. It's this cursed draught. Of all pains the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it."

"I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitally."

"You bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how the devil can I?—Hm! hm! (wringing about) it's the cursedest pain."

"Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilton has brought you. How does it feel now?"

"Wonderfully. The pain is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it who shouldn't."

"My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth, as I have. The boldest of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee."

"Certainly not."

"Or to a jaw blown away—"

"By no means."

"Or four of his ribs jammed in—"

"Horrible!"

"Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in—"

"Don't speak of it!"

"Or his two legs taken off by a cannon-ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain."

"Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones."

"A gallant spirit is not bound to feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society."

"Certainly, certainly, God knows."

"It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it without complaining: your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure."

"How? What's that you say?"

"I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, mash, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men."

"Hey?—Why as to that—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?"

"It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History; a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is."

"It may, perhaps, be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me."

"Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapwing* is peculiarly

soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered round my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish: and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face, with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry creeps in the academical closet would have been of no avail."

"Well now, Harry, that's touching; d—mme if it isn't. He's right about the precepts. You have saved 'em from being dry, eh, with your claret; but all that you have said hasn't touched me like that story. A lapwing! Hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing."

"But other birds, Jack, have feelings, as well as lapwings."

"What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?"

"Oh, ho! what he

"Admits and leaves them Providence's care!"

Does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope:

"God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves; and piously denies.
The humbler bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care."

"But *we* are Providence, Jack. Nay, don't start; I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see, I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity's hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or if this theology doesn't serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Waggoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induce him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he'll apply to Providence or a surgeon."

"Eh? That would be famous. I say—I must be going though; it's getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good by. I can't say you've convinced me; you know I told you I wasn't to be convinced; but I plainly told you I don't like the story of the lapwing; it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that's not to be resisted, damme if it is. So I'm taken in about lapwings. Adieu!"

"Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?"

"Not I, 'faith; I'd say it any where, if it came into my head.—But how? In the Sporting Magazine?"

"Why I'm afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject."

"I was thinking so. Oh, I see:—you'll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I'll send you the books."

"Adieu, honest Jack, jolliest of the myrmidons of 'young-eyed Massacre.'"

CHARACTACUS.

From the Isle of the West the captive came,
Downcast his eyes, but not with shame;
The soldier is sad at the captive's chain,
As he thinks of his own far home again:
The fortune of battle hath chain'd his hand,
And led him away to a southern land;
But his lofty soul is unconquer'd still—
Fetters cannot subdue that brave one's will;
Though his chain is deep in his dungeon floor,
And the bolts are brass of his triple door,
And darkness is round him, and racks are nigh,
His heart is not craven, he fears not to die.

From his western isle to the Roman gate,
To swell out a triumph's long-drawn state,
At the van of the conqueror's chariot bound,
'Mid the jeer of the crowd and the soldiers' round,
Had that warrior been led;—his face was pale,
But his blue eyes were bright, and his limbs were hale;
His stature was lofty, his carriage bore
The impress proud of his native shore,
That the haughty Roman, though conqueror he,
Look'd not with more kingly majesty.
O 'tis the hero's crown, if he fall
From the height of power in a victor's thrall,
To preserve the unshaken heart, and bear
Bravely the suffering that waits him there;

While the coward will fly to the dagger or bowl,
From the agony harrowing up the soul;
Which each new breath is a torture higher,
Each moment of time an age in fire:
The last glance of glory extinguish'd, forgot,
Man, life, and creation one hideous blot—
Loud peans the deeds of the conqueror swell,
But who will the captive's triumph tell?

From his dungeon gloom to the glare of day
Is Caractacus led by his guards away.
His wrists are link'd with an iron chain,
But he hears its clank with unalter'd mien;
For his courage is firm as that man's should be
Who has learn'd to conquer adversity.
On his brow at times a deep thought made
A hue pass over of darker shade;
Mayhap 'twas a gleam of his island earth,
His green meads of Severn and native heath.
In blood to the last he had done and dared,
And the Roman had deeply his vengeance shared;
While, though vanquish'd, 'twas only by those who gave
To the universe law, and to freedom a grave.

Claudius sat on the world's proud throne,
Round him his glittering warriors shone;
Lord of a thousand victories, he
Concentrated his empire's majesty;
That empire which stretches from Afric's pyres
To the icy North's impassive fires;
While Iberia and Mesopotamia display
The arc of its rising and setting day.
Purple and gold was the robe he wore,
With its rich folds piled on the marble floor.
Perfumes in clouds of incense arose,
Bearing the odours of amber and rose
To the ceilings of fretwork and ribs of gold,
And paintings rich that their wreaths enfold.
The victor's bay bound the emperor's brow,
And shaded the lightning that flash'd below
From a deep eye, dark as a winter midnight,
When the hidden thought rush'd from its depth to light.
The adamant lip and the moveless limb,
Seem to comport with none but him.
Guards and patricians stand around,
And the lictors mark the imperial bound.

Sudden the tramp of feet draws nigh,
The portal arch fixes every eye.
All is still as eternity within,
Without is a rattling fetter's din,
At intervals clanking as it draws near,
Its sound of captivity, suffering, and fear.
He comes! he comes! to the Roman gaze
That meets him in silence and in amaze,
The Briton comes, with his stature tall,
Like a lion entrapp'd in the hunter's thrall,
That looks on his bondage and seems to say—
"I am a sovereign born—I am one to-day!"
He turn'd not his head from the victor's throne,
For his sight was placed upon him alone.
The grandeur around, and the southern's pride,
Drew not his princely glance aside.
Though his palace afar on his native plain
Was a rude hut built on the wild campaign;
Though earth was the floor, and mud the wall,
To him 'twas more worth than that gilded hall.
The wolf's rough hide o'er his shoulders cast
Caught the butterfly courier's smile as he past,
But his carriage crush'd the vain sneer ere it broke,
For his limbs were knit like his native oak—
It would humble the stoutest Roman there,
One grasp of his iron arm to dare.

"I am conquer'd, a prisoner, my crown is with thee;
I fought that my country, my race might be free.
If this be a crime in a Roman eye,
Lictors, lead me forth, for this will I die.
Let to-morrow enthroned me in power again,
Again will I combat, although it be vain,
Thee, Claudius, or thine, and will gloriously die,
As honor requires in our far country;
There we brand a slave with a curse of scorn,
And deem none noble but the blessed free-born.
What would'st thou with me?—I have nothing now
Save my own stern will that the world shall not bow!"
Thus the captive said, and the Roman cried:—
"Go, his chains unloose, lest the universe wide,
While it sees us the victor in battle, may know,
We're vanquish'd in greatness of soul by a foe!"

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

I.—TRAGEDY IN THE FAMILY OF KYTE.

This frightful piece of domestic history had been
ought upon the modern stage, the dramatist, in con-
sequence of the hero's setting his house on fire, would
probably have called it (not with thorough applicability,
but that does not signify to a good play-bill) the "Sar-
danapalus of Private Life." It is impossible, of course,
to pronounce complete judgments on the parties con-
cerned, in this or any other tragedy. To judge all, it
is necessary to know all. But the writer tells us, that
if Lady Kyte had begun with a little less anger, it is
probable that no tragedy would have taken place.

Loving-kindness does not always effect what it wishes;
but it is the only sure card to play, whether to do
away evil or to lessen it. And that man must be stupid
or a monster, who would not adore, above all other
women, the wife that with a real love for his person,
should have treated him kindly in a matter like this.

Sir William Kyte was a baronet of very considerable
fortune and an ancient family, and on his return from
his travels, had so amiable a character, and was reckoned
what the world calls so fine a gentleman, that he was
thought a very desirable match for a worthy nobleman's
daughter in the neighbourhood, of great beauty, merit,
and a suitable fortune. Sir William and his lady lived
very happy together for several years, and had four or
five fine children, when he was unfortunately nominated
at a contested election to represent the borough of War-
wick, in which county the bulk of his estate lay, and
where he, at that time, resided. After the election, as
some sort of recompense to a zealous partizan of Sir
William, Lady Kyte took an innkeeper's daughter for
her own maid; she was a tall, genteel girl, with a fine
complexion, and seemingly very modest and innocent.
Molly Jones, for that was her name, attracted Sir
William's attention; and after some time the servants
began to entertain some suspicions that she was too
highly in her master's favour; the housekeeper in par-
ticular soon perceived that there was too much founda-
tion for their suspicions, and knowing that the butler
had made overtures to Molly, she informed him of the
circumstance, and his jealousy having rendered him
vigilant, he soon discovered the whole affair, and found
that it had proceeded much further than was at first
apprehended. The housekeeper made use of the butler's
name, as well as his intelligence to her lady; and this
threw everything into confusion; Lady Kytes's passion
soon got the better of her discretion: for, if instead of
reproaching Sir William for his infidelity, she had
dissembled her resentment till his first fondness for this
new object had abated, she might probably have re-
claimed her husband; who, notwithstanding this tempo-
rary defection, was known to have a sincere regard and
esteem for his lady. The affair being now publicly
known in the family, and all restraints of shame or fear
of discovery being quite removed, things were soon
carried to extremity between Sir William and his lady,
and a separation became unavoidable. Sir William left
Lady Kyte with the two younger children, in possession
of the Mansion House in Warwickshire; and retired
himself with his mistress, and his two eldest sons, to a
large farmhouse on the side of the Cotswold hills. The
situation was fine, plenty of wood and water, and com-
manded an extensive view of the vale of Evesham: this
tempted him to build a handsome box there, with very
extensive gardens planted, and laid out in the luxurious
taste of the age; and not content with this, before the
body of the house was quite finished, Sir William added
two large side fronts, for no better reason than that his
mistress happened to say, "what is a Kite without
wings?" The expense of finishing this place, which
amounted at least to £10,000, was the first cause of
Sir William encumbering his estate; and the difficulties
in which he was involved making him uneasy; he, as is
too often the case, had recourse to his bottle for relief.
He kept what is called a hospitable table, and being
seldom without company, this brought on a constant
course of dissipation and want of economy, by which
means his affairs in the course of a few years became
almost desperate.

There was taken into the family about this time a fresh-
coloured country girl, in the capacity of a dairy-maid,
with no other beauty than what arises from the bloom
of youth; and as people who once give way to their
passions know no bounds, Sir William, in the decline
of life, conceived an amorous regard for this girl, who
was scarce twenty; this event produced still further con-
fusion in the family. Mrs. Jones soon observed this
growing passion in Sir William, and either from resent-
ment or the apprehension, or perhaps the real experience
of ill usage, thought proper to retire to Cambsden, a
neighbouring market-town, where she was reduced to
keep a little sewing-school for bread. Young Mr. Kyte,
whether shocked at this unparalleled infatuation of his
father, or as was commonly said, finding himself exposed
to the continual insults of his female favourite, sought
an asylum and spent most of his time with a nobleman,
a friend of his, in Warwickshire. Sir William, though
he had now a prospect of being successful in this hum-
ble amour, and of indulging it without molestation, yet
began at length to see the delusive nature of all vicious
pursuits, and though he endeavoured to keep up his
spirits, or rather to drown all thought by constant in-
toxication; in his sober intervals he became a victim to
gloomy reflections; he had injured a valuable wife,
which he could not now reflect upon without some re-
morse; he had wrong'd his innocent children, whom
he could not think upon without the tenderest senti-
ments of compassion. His son, who had been a sort of
companion to him for several years, had now left him
through his ill usage, and as Mrs. Jones had for some
time been useful to him, he was shocked at being de-
serted even by the woman for whose sake he had brought
this distress upon his family; and he found himself al-
most alone in that magnificent, but fatal mansion, the
erecting and adorning of which had been the principal
cause of ruining his fortune. Tormented by these con-
tending passions, he had for a week raised himself by

constant inebriation to a degree of phrensy, and behaved
in so frantic a manner that even his new favourite could
bear it no longer, and had eloped from him. On the
day on which he executed his fatal resolution, he sent
for his son, and for his new mistress, with what inten-
tion can be only conjectured, but luckily neither of them
obeyed the summons. Early in the evening, it being in
the month of October, the butler had lighted two can-
dles as usual, and set them upon the marble table in
the hall. Sir William came down and took them up
himself, as he frequently did; after some time, however,
one of housemaids ran down stairs in a great fright, and
said, "the lobby was still all in a cloud of smoke." The
servants, and a tradesman that was in the house upon
business, ran immediately up, and forcing open the
door whence the smoke seemed to proceed, they found
that Sir William had set fire to a large heap of fine
linen, piled up in the middle of the room, which has
been given by some old lady, a relation, as a legacy, to
his eldest son. While the attention of the servants was
entirely taken up with extinguishing the flames in this
room, Sir William had made his escape into an adjoining
chamber, where was a cotton-bed, and which was
wainscotted with deal, as most finished rooms then
were; when they had broken open this door, the flames
burst out upon them with such fury that they were all
glad to make their escape out of the house, the prin-
cipal part of which sumptuous pile was, in a few hours
burned to the ground, and no other remains of Sir Wil-
liam were found next morning, than the hip-bone and
the vertebrae, or bones of the back, with two or three
keys, and a gold watch, which he had in his pocket.
This was the dreadful consequence of a licentious pas-
sion, not checked in its infancy.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

SECOND SPECIMEN OF ST. EVREMOND.

*His opinion of the best food; and of the English
and their comedies.*

It is not easy to give a complete specimen of an author
at once. His qualities are often various, and demand
various samples. Those of St. Evremond, for instance,
are a gallant good-nature, a refined epicurism (in the
ordinary sense of the word), great good sense in judging
of common life, and now and then a disposition to ban-
ter; which last is said to have so pervaded his manners
(that is to say, the spirit of it, or the disposition to un-
dervalue and to look at the petty side of things), as to
give him a "sneering physiognomy." There is a look of
this kind in some of his portraits, though not all; and
it is easy enough to suppose, that a man of St. Evre-
mond's fine, but not profound, sense, falling upon the
times he did, and on such a court as Charles the Second's
however he may have accommodated himself to circum-
stances, may have had misgivings about human nature,
calculated to give this turn to his countenance. Of the
good-natured gallantry we have given a sample. The
banter we must keep for another time. Here follow
specimens of the refined epicurism, and the solid judg-
ment. The first is part of a letter written to a friend
in exile.

JUDICIOUS EATING (if you can afford it).

You'll tell me, perhaps, that I was not of so gay a
humour in my own misfortunes, as I appear to be in
yours; and that it is ill-breeding in a man to bestow all
his concern upon his own misfortunes, and be indifferent
to, nay, and even merry with the calamities of his friends.
I should agree with you in that if I behaved myself so;
but I can honestly affirm to you that I am little less con-
cerned at your exile than myself; and the little mirth
which I advise you to, is in order to have a share of it
myself, when I shall find you capable of receiving it.

As to what relates to my own misfortunes, if I have
formerly appeared to you more afflicted under them
than I seem to be at present, it is not because I was so
indeed. I was of opinion that disgraces exacted from
us the decorum of a melancholy air, and that this ap-
parent mortification was a respect due to the will of our
superiors, who seldom bethink themselves of punishing
us, without a design to afflict us. But then you are to
know that under a sad outside and mortified coun-
tenance, I gave myself all the satisfaction I could find in
myself; and all the pleasure I could take in the con-
versation of my friends.

After having found the variety of that grave temper
we learn from morality, I should grow ridiculous my-
self, if I continued so serious a discourse, which makes
me proceed to give you some advice that shall be less
troublesome than instructions.

Adapt as much as possibly you can, your palate and
appetite to your health: 'tis a great secret to be able to
reconcile the agreeable and necessary in two things,
which have been almost always opposite. Yet after all,
to arrive at this great mystery, we want nothing but
sobriety and niceness; and what ought not a man to do
that he may learn to chuse those delicious dishes at his
meals, which will keep both his mind and body in a
good disposition, all the remainder of the day? A

man may be sober without being nice, but he can never be nice without being sober. Happy is the person that enjoys both these qualities together! For thus his pleasure is ever inseparable from his diet.

Spare no cost to get Champagne wines, though you were 200 leagues from Paris. Those of Burgundy have lost all their credit with the men of good taste, and scarce do they preserve a small remainder of their old reputation with the citizen. There is no province that affords excellent wines for all seasons but Champagne. It furnishes us with the *Vin d'Ay*, *d'Avenet*, and *d'Auvillé* till the Spring; *Tessy Sillery*, and *Versenat*, for the rest of the year.

If you ask me which of all these wines I prefer, without being swayed by the fashion of the Tastes, which false pretenders to delicacy have introduced; I will tell you that the *Vin d'Ay* is the most natural of all wines, the most wholesome, the most free from all smell of the oil, and of the most exquisite agreeableness, in regard of its peach-taste which is peculiar to it, and is in opinion, the chief of all tastes and flavours.

Leo X., Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. had each of them their house in or near Ay, in order to the more curious getting their quantities of wines. Amongst the greatest affairs of the world, in which those princes were more or less concerned, it was not the least of their cares to have the *Vin d'Ay* in their cellars.

Be not too desirous of rarities, but be nice in your choice of what may be had with convenience. A good, wholesome, natural soup, which is neither too weak nor too strong, is to be preferred for common diet before all others; as well as for the exactness of its taste, as for the advantage of its use.

Tender, juicy mutton, good sucking veal, white and curious barn-door fowls, well fed but not crammed; fat quail taken in the country; pheasant, partridge, and rabbit, all which have an agreeable natural savour in their taste, are the true meats which may help to furnish your table all the seasons of the year. The Wood-Hen is particularly to be esteemed for excellency, but it is not sought after where you or I are, by reason of its so great rarity.

If an indispensable necessity obliges you to dine with some of your neighbours, whom either their money or dexterity hath excused for serving in the Rear-van, commend the hare, the stag, the roe-buck, the wild-boar, but eat none of them: let even ducks and teal have your good word too. Of all brown meats, the snipe alone is to be commended, in favour of its taste, though it is somewhat prejudicial to health.

Look upon all mixtures, and kitchen compositions, called *Rogouts*, or kick-shaws to be little better than poison. If you eat but little of them they will do you but little hurt; if you eat a great deal, it is impossible but their pepper, vinegar, and onions must ruin your taste at last, and soon cause an alteration in your health.

Sauces, if you make them yourself, as simple and plain as possible, can do no harm at all. Salt and orange are the most general and the most natural seasoning. Fine herbs are wholesome, and have something in them more exquisite than spices; but they are not equally proper for everything. One must use them with judgment in meats where they are most agreeable, and distribute them with so much discretion that they may improve the proper taste of the meat, without making their own discerned.

Having thus discoursed to you of the qualities of wines, and the properties of meats, 'tis necessary to come to the most proper counsel for the adapting of the palate to the body.

Let nature incite you to eat and drink by a secret disposition, which is lightly perceived, and doth not press you to it through necessity. Without appetite the most wholesome food is capable of hurting, and the most agreeable of disgusting us. With hunger the necessity of eating is a sort of evil which causes another after the meal is over, by making us eat more than we should. The appetite (vulgarly called a *good stomach*) prepares, if I may so speak, an exercise for our heat in the digestion: whereas greediness prepares labour and pain for it. The way to keep us always in good temper is to suffer neither too much emptiness, nor too much repletion, that so nature may never be tempted to fill itself greedily with what it wants, not impatient to discharge its load.

The English and the Comedy.

There is no comedy more conformable to that of the ancients, than the English, as for what relates to the manners. It is not a mere piece of gallantry, full of adventures and amorous discourses, as in Spain and France; but a representation of the ordinary way of living, according to the various humours, and different characters of men. It is an Alchymist, who by the illusion of this art, feeds the deceitful hopes of a vain Curioso. It is a silly credulous coxcomb, whose foolish facility is continually abused; it is sometimes a ridiculous politician, grave and composed, starched in everything, mysteriously suspicious, that thinks to find out hidden designs in the most common intentions, and to discover artifice in the most innocent actions of life. It is a whimsical lover, a swaggering bully, a pedantic scholar, the one with natural extravagancies, the other with ridiculous affectations. The truth is, these cheats and cul-de-sacs, these politicians and other characters so ingeniously devised, are carried on too far, in our opinion; as those which are to be seen upon our stage, are a little too faint to the relish of the English; and the reason of that

perhaps, is, because the English think too much, and we, commonly, not enough.

And, indeed, we are satisfied with the first images of things; and by sticking to the bare outside, we generally take appearances for reality, and the easy and free for what is natural. Upon this head I shall observe, by the bye, that these two last qualities are sometimes most improperly confounded. The easy and the natural agree well enough in their opposition to what is stiff and forced; but when we are to dive into the nature of things, or the natural humour of persons, it will be granted me, that the easy will scarce carry it far enough. There is something within us, something hidden, that would discover itself, if we sounded the subject a little more. It is as difficult for us to enter in as for the English to get out. They become masters of everything they think on, though they are not so of their own thoughts. Their mind is not at rest, even when they possess their subject; they still dig when there is no more ore to be got; and go beyond the just and natural idea which ought always to be maintained, by carrying their inquiries too far.

The truth is I never saw men of better understanding than the French, who apply themselves to consider things with due attention; and the English, that can shake off their meditations, to return to that faculty of discourse and freedom of wit, which, if possible, ought always to be had. The finest gentlemen in the world are the French that think and the English that speak. I should insensibly run into two general considerations; and therefore must re-assume my subject of comedy, and observe a considerable difference which is to be found between theirs and ours. It consists in this, that being zealous to copy the regularity of the ancients, we still drive to the principal action, without any other variety than that of the means that brings us to it.

It is not to be denied but that the representation of one principal event ought to be the sole scope and end proposed in tragedy; for we cannot without some violence and pain find ourselves taken off from what employed our first thoughts. The misfortune of an unhappy king, the sad and tragical death of a great hero wholly confine the mind to these objects; and all the variety it cares for, is to know the different means that contributed to bring about this principal action; but comedy being contrived to divert and not to busy us, provided probability be observed, and extravagance avoided. Variety, in the opinion of the English, is an agreeable surprise, and change that pleases; whereas the continual expectation of one and the same thing, wherein there seems to be no great matter of importance, must of necessity make our attention flag. Thus instead of representing a signal cheat carried on by means all relating to the same end, they represent several cheats, each of which produces its proper effect. As they scarce ever stick to the unity of action, that they may represent a principal person, who diversifies them by different actions; so they often quit that principal person, to shew that various things happen to several persons in public places. Ben Jonson takes this course in his *Bartholomew Fair*. We find the same thing in *Epsom Wells*, and in both these comedies, the ridiculous adventures of those public places are comically represented.

There are some plays which have in a manner two plots, that are interwoven so ingeniously the one into the other, that the mind of the spectators, (which might be affected by too sensible a change,) finds nothing but satisfaction in the agreeable variety they produce. It is to be confessed that regularity is wanting here; but the English are of opinion that the liberties which are taken in order to please the better, ought to be preferred before exact rules, which dull authors improve to an art of tiring their audience.

Rules are to be observed for avoiding confusion; good sense is to be followed for moderating the flight of a luxurious fancy; but rules must not so constrain the mind as to fetter it; and a scrupulous reason ought to be banished, which adhering too strictly to exactness, leaves nothing free and natural.

They who cannot attain a genius which nature hath denied them, ascribe all to art which they may acquire; and to set a value upon the only merit they have, which is that of being regular, they employ all their interest to damn any piece that is not altogether so. As for those that love the ridicule; that are pleased to see the follies of mankind; that are affected with true characters, they will find some of the English comedies as much, or perhaps, more to their relish, than any they have ever seen.

Our Moliere, whom the ancients have inspired with the true spirit of comedy, equals their Ben Jonson in representing truly the various humorous and different ways of men, both observing in their characters a just regard to the peculiar taste and genius of their own nation. I believe they have both carried that point as far as the ancients ever did. But it is not to be denied but that they had a greater regard to their character than to the plot, which might have been better laid together, and more naturally unravelled.

One of Shadwell's Plays.

A WORD ON "ENGLISH WOMEN VINDICATED."

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,

For some reason or other I do not receive my *London Journals* till Saturday; but, nevertheless, I have caught a glimpse of the last No. through the window-panes of the booksellers, and perceive the attack—nay, let me use a gentler term, the *mild reproach* of the fair "Old Boy." Delighted am I to think that anything of mine has attracted the bright eyes of a lady, and grateful also that she has treated an old beau so considerably. Her letter is like a Barbary comfit—sweet and sugary outside, but of sufficient pungency within, to give it zest. I could bear such gentle brainings with a lady's fan every day of my life, and be thankful into the bargain. "Old Boy," however, must graciously condescend to pardon me if I make a remark or two on her letter. In these I will be as brief as possible.

In the first place, then, I never said that the place in which I beheld the deplorably dressed ladies was a bazaar, nor even a "fashionable shop," in the common sense of the term. It was no place for the sale of nick-nacks and gew-gaws—the frequenters of such shops are entitled to the full measure of "Old Boy's" censure—but it was a good, honest, downright *boutique* where ladies come to buy a yard of stuff, and then drive away in their carriages in a most laudable manner. Indressed they certainly were, and of the "middle or poorer orders" they certainly were not, as the footmen with gold-headed canes at the door amply testified.

"Old Boy" says that French ladies are parchment skeletons. Undoubtedly there may be such between the Belgian frontier and the Pyrenees, but the average French women are better, fuller formed, and withal more graceful, than any three women out of six, from Regent's Park to St. James's. Of their faces I say nothing. What was the remark of a young Frenchman to me only the other day, on his first visit to England? "We should run after them at Paris for their faces—but, *Mon Dieu!* their feet, their *tenue*, how ugly!" It is seldom one sees an English woman of proper dimensions—she is either too thin and lank, or too fat and stumpy. There is with us no medium between the dome of St. Paul's, and London Monument.

My fair opponent seems mightily smitten with our delightful *home parties*. Sir, I have never stood in more need of Job's especial virtue, and your golden maxim, "make the best of what you have," than at some of the aforesaid delightful English *home parties*. If "Old Boy" is as enchanted with them as she professes to be, I never knew or heard of any one who, in the way of amusement, was grateful for so little, and that little so indifferent. English *sprightliness*, God help us, is a most soporific affair.

Lastly, French ladies, according to your correspondent, are never satisfied unless you make love to them. This information can at most be but second-hand—for can "Old Boy," as a woman, conscientiously say, that she ever beheld a gentleman make a "tender declaration" to a French lady, *with her in the room*? If she cannot, then she must have obtained the important proof of French levity and French female inferiority to us in intellectual pleasures, not from her own experience, but from the gossipings of others. Moreover those *others* must have been *men*, and in the assertions of men who kill time with love declarations, I put but little trust.

"Thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard—tell o'er thy tale again."

I have been accused of being *brusque*. It is better to be *brusque* and sincere in your *brusquerie*, especially when a service is intended, than to be meaty-mouthed and false. It is my love for my countrywomen that prompted me to raise such an outcry against their style of dress. I am so enamoured of their faces, that I would their figure, air, carriage, and every thing else about them, were perfection. If we do not try we shall never mend, and if we never mend, we shall become the butt of the rest of Europe. The very "thick aneled, train-oil eating Russians," will excel us in the matter of dress and manners. Whatever *brusquerie* there is in me, I ask pardon for. It is not well to be harsh with men, much less with women—so I hope that "Old Boy" will cast a glance of sweet reconciliation on

OLD CRONY.

Evergreen Lodge, August 14, 1834.

INTOLERANCE.

(From Dr. Bourring's "Minor Morals," lately published.)

"THERE was a very droll dispute at school to day, papa!" said George: "one boy insisted that a Latin verse was written one way in the original, another declared it was written another way: the quarrel became so hot that we expected it would have ended in blows; when one of the bigger boys recommended that each should bring his book: and it was found that each had quoted the passage correctly from his own copy, but they had different editions, and the text was different."

"It was," said Mr. Howard, "only a small display of that intolerance of which there are too many great

exhibitions in the world. Each boy thought himself right, and had good reason for thinking so; but there was not the same reason for thinking the other wrong. He had seen his own book with his own eyes, and had, therefore, very sufficient evidence for himself; but he could not know what evidence the other had had. Hence the folly of expecting everybody to think as we think. They will think as we think, if the same reasons are given to them, and if those reasons influence them as they influence us. If they have other reasons unknown to us, or if our reasons appear to them not to warrant our opinions, they cannot think as we think: it is impossible, and there is no help for it.

"But what ought to be helped, and ought to be avoided, is our attempting to punish others because they do not see as we see, or think as we think. This is persecution.

"When I was in Lisbon, I was accompanied by a Monk to the church of St. Anthony. You have heard, perhaps, that the armorial bearings of that beautifully-situated city, are a vessel dismasted, but guided through the waters by two crows, one seated on the prow and the other on the stern of the ship. The device is in honour of a miracle said to have been wrought in favour of St. Anthony, the patron saint of the Tagus, who, when at sea, sailing on a mission to the heathens, fancied himself lost: for all the crew of the vessel in which he had sailed had perished of plague, and he was left, wholly ignorant of navigation, to the mercy of the waves. In his despair, he knelt down to pray, when he saw two black pinioned birds descend from heaven, one of which seized the rudder, and the other perched on the bow of the ship: by these he was safely conducted to Portugal. And among the majority of the Portuguese there is no more doubt of the miracle than of the ordinary events of which they have been witnesses themselves.

"Did you believe the story, papa?" enquired Edith.

"By no means; and, though I never said any thing which should show that I felt contempt for the credulity of the Portuguese, yet I have no doubt they considered me somewhat heretical."

"Come," said the monk, "with me to the Igreja de San Antonio, and I will give you such evidence as shall be irresistible." We walked together under the magnificent arches of the church,—between avenues of pillars, on many of which the miracles of the Saint were recorded, and we reached a narrow staircase at the foot of the tower. "Follow me," said the monk, "and fear not." I ascended after him the long, long winding stone steps, the darkness of the way being only lighted by distant gleams which broke through the narrow interstices left in the thick walls, and on reaching the top, the monk pointed out a huge cage, it was as large as an ordinary sized room, in which were two enormous black crows, gravely seated on a metal bar. "Look there, Senhor," said the monk, and bowed his head reverently before the crows; "those are the identical birds which brought St. Anthony hither. And do you doubt the miracle now?"

"I doubted it, and did not doubt the less in consequence of what I saw. And why did I doubt, Edith?"

"I suppose papa, because you did not think they were the real crows that brought St. Anthony to Lisbon." Even so, my love; and I did not believe that St. Anthony had been brought to Lisbon by crows at all; and the attempt to convince me that the two crows were still living, and had lived for many hundred of years, was one difficulty more to believe, and not one difficulty less."

"The monk's reasoning was what logicians call 'begging the question.' He took for granted, the very thing to be proved, that St. Anthony had been escorted by the crows, and thus fancied that his telling me the crows I saw were the real crows, was to weigh down all my experience of the habits of the animal, all my knowledge of natural history, and the very natural reflection, that it was much more likely that there should be a succession of crows provided by the monk and his brethren, as the old ones died, than that a perpetual miracle should be wrought in order to prove the truth of a very improbable story. Besides, I saw that the crows were richly and regularly fed, and I might have asked him why if the crows were miraculously preserved, all the expenses of nourishing them were not saved?"

"And did you not tell him, papa, that you could look through the whole of the imposture?" said George. "Did you not tell him that he was a rogue, and that you were not to be duped by his roguery?"

"Softly, my impatient boy; that would neither have been prudent nor courteous; it would have done neither me, nor him, nor any body good. No good to me, for I should have been exposed to some danger; the Monk would have looked upon me with hatred, because my expression of incredulity would have implied contempt for his opinions, or distrust of his honesty and veracity; it would have done him no good, for it was his interest to persist in the fraud, and as to the facts of the case, he knew more about them than I did; and no good to any body else, for no body else was present. But it may do good now to you and to others, for to others you may tell the story, as I may tell it to others."

"My purpose in telling the story was not to excite your scorn or dislike towards the Monk, who, though he could not believe, against the knowledge he had, that those identical crows really escorted St. Anthony up the Tagus, may have believed that St. Anthony was escorted by crows. I did not wish you to be angry with the Monk, or the Monk's tale, but I wish to ask you two questions. If I had really desired and tried to believe the story, could I have done so, in spite of myself?"

"No, indeed, papa, that would have been impossible," said the children at once.

"You would not have been so foolish."

"And if I could not have believed it, even though I wished to believe it, could I do so because the Monk, or any other person, wished one to believe it?"

"Oh no! no!" they all repeated again and again. Well then, my children, the lesson I wish to teach you is this:—Never be angry with any person, merely because his opinion is not your opinion; never be angry because you cannot persuade him to change his opinion; and above all, never do him any injury, or hesitate about doing him a good, because his opinion and yours are different. Nobody can believe what he likes, however he may try to do so; at all events, if he hears all that is to be said on all sides of a question. Still less can any body believe according to the likings of others. Where you doubt, inquire. In your own opinion seek nothing but truth, because truth, after all, is the great thing. In your conduct to others, be guided by the rule that you should never cause useless pain. In the minds of the best men there is, always has been, and always, perhaps, will be, much difference of opinion as to what is true, but everybody knows and feels what is kind, and truth itself is most likely to be found when it is sought for by tolerance and benevolence.

ACCOUNT OF THE ASSASSINS.

(From Part 19 (just published) of the Penny Cyclopaedia,—a publication which for compressed fulness and variety of information, executed with the greatest tact and judgment, and brought up to the most recent enquiries, may compete with the very costliest of its name-sakes. We have long had it upon our conscience that we did not say this before, and have now a particular reason for regretting that we did not do so. But this must not prevent our doing it).

Assassins, a military and religious order, formed in Persia in the eleventh century. It was a ramification of the Ismaelites, who were themselves a branch of the great Mohammedan sect of the Shiites, the supporters of the claim of Ali's posterity to the caliphate. But among the Ismaelites there were many who were Mussulmans only in appearance, and whose secret doctrine amounted to this; that no action was either good or bad in itself and that all religions were the inventions of men. These unbelievers were formed into a secret society by one Abdallah, a man of the old Persian race, who had been brought up in the religion of the Magi, and was a hater of the Arabs and of their faith. After several bloody insurrections against the Abbaride caliphs, the Ismaelites succeeded in placing on the throne of Egypt a pretended descendant of Ismael, the seventh Imam in the line of Ali, from whom the Ismaelites had taken their name. This descendant, whose name was Obeid Allah Mehdee, was the founder of the Fatemite dynasty, so called from Fatema, Mohammed's daughter. Under the protection of these princes a lodge of the secret doctrine was established at Cairo, and its members spread over a great part of Asia. Their ostensible object was to maintain the claims of the Fatemite caliphs to universal dominion, and to urge the destruction of the caliphs of Bagdad as usurpers. One of the adepts, Hassan Ven Sabah, thought of turning these instruments to his own advantage. He had filled high offices under the Sultan of the Seljuicide Turks, but, on being disgraced, he went to Egypt, where he was received with distinction by the caliph, became a zealous adherent of the Ismaelite lodge; and, after many vicissitudes and wanderings, obtained possession, by the aid of his brethren of the hill-fort of Alamoot (or *culture's nest*), situated to the north of Casvin, in Persia, and there, (A. D. 1090), established an independent society, or order, consisting of seven degrees, with himself at the head as Sheikh at Jebel, i. e. sheikh of the mountain. Under him came three dai al Kelbir, the grand priors of the order; 3dly, the dais, or initiated masters; 4thly, the refekes, or companions; 5thly, the fedafees, or devoted; 6thly, the laseeks, aspirants or novices; 7thly, the prophare, or common people. Hassan drew out for the dais, or initiated, a catechism consisting of seven heads, among which were, implicit obedience to their chief; secrecy; and lastly, the principle of seeking the allegorical, and not the plain sense in the Koran, by which means the text could be distorted into anything the interpreter pleased. This did away effectually with all fixed rules of morality or

faith. But this secret knowledge was confined to a few; the rest were bound to a strict observance of the letter of the Koran. The most effectual class in the Koran were the fedavees—youths often purchased or stolen from their parents when children, and brought up under a particular system of education, calculated to impress upon their minds the omnipotence of the sheikh, and the criminality as well as utter impossibility of evading his orders, which were like the mandates of heaven itself. These fedavees were clothed in white, with red bonnets and girdles, and armed with sharp daggers, but they assumed all sorts of disguises when sent on a mission. Mario Polo gives a curious romantic account of the garden at Alamoot, to which the fedavee designed for an important mission, was carried in a state of temporary stupor, produced by powerful opiates, and where, on awakening he found everything that could excite and gratify his senses. He was made to believe that was a foretaste of the paradise of the prophet, reserved for his faithful and devoted servants, and thus became willing to encounter death, even under the most appalling forms, in order to secure a permanent seat in the abode of bliss. Marco Polo's narrative is confirmed by Arabian writers, and Von Hammer inclines to believe it true in the main; others attribute the visions in the garden to the effects of the intoxicating preparation administered to the fedavees. The name of *hashish*, which is that of an opiate made from hemp-leaves, is supposed to have been the origin of the word "Assassins;" others derive the latter from Hassan ben Sabah, the founder of the order. The word becoming familiar to the crusaders was by them carried to Europe where it was used as synonymous with that of *Sicarius*, or hired murderer, but the Italians have adopted it to signify a robber on the high road, without necessarily implying the crime of murder.

The assassins, either by force or treachery, gained possession of many other castles and hill-forts in Persia. The Sultan Melek Shah attacked them, the doctors of the law excommunicated them, but the fedavees carried secret death among their enemies; the Sultan's minister, Nigam ul Mulk, was stabbed, and his master soon after died suddenly, it was supposed by poison. The Assassins spread into Syria, where they acquired strong holds in the mountains near Tripoli; and the Sultan of the Seljuicides was glad to come to an agreement by granting them several districts. Hassan ben Sabah, having extended his order over great part of the Mohammedan world, died at Alamoot in 1124, after thirty five years' reign. He bequeathed his authority of Keah Buzoorg Oomeid, one of the dais of the order. Buzoorg renewed the war with the Seljuicides, and Aboos Wefaut, his Dai al Kelbir in Syria, entered into a temporary alliance with Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem, through the agency of Hugo de Pagens, grand master of the Templars, against their common enemies the Seljuicide Turks. After this, the Assassins were sometimes on friendly terms, but oftener at variance, with the Christian princes of Syria and Palestine, as well as with their Mohammedan neighbours. To accomplish their object, they never scrupled to resort to assassination. In 1126 the prince of Mosul was stabbed as he entered the Mosque by Assassins disguised as Dervises; soon after, a caliph of Bagdad was killed likewise, and also a Sultan of Cairo, notwithstanding his Fatemite.

The Syrian, or western branch of the Assassins, however, continued to exist for some years later under their Dai al Kelbir, Massayad, not far from Beyroot, was their principal strong hold. The history of this branch is the most familiar to Europeans, being much interwoven with that of the Crusaders and of the great Sultan Sala-eddeen. The latter was several times in danger from the daggers of the Assassins. The Dai al Kelbir Sinan, a man who had a reputation for Sanctity, sent in 1173, an embassy to Almeric, the Christian King of Jerusalem, offering, in his name and that of his people, to embrace Christianity, on condition that the Templars, who were their neighbours, would remit the annual tribute of forty thousand gold ducats which they had imposed on them, and live in future in peace and good neighbourhood towards them. Almeric was delighted with the offer, and dismissed the envoy with honour. The envoy, however, on his return to his territory, was killed by a party of Templars, led by Gaultier du Mesnil. After this, the Assassins resorted again to their daggers, which they had laid aside for many years. Among others, Conrad, Marquis of Tyre and Montferrat, was murdered by two fedavees in the market-place of Tyre, 1192. The reasons of this murder which some have ascribed to Richard of England, have been the subject of a long controversy, which Von Hammer does not succeed in elucidating. The assassins kept the Christians of Tripoli in continual fear. They levied contributions on the Christian princes for the safety of their lives; and they even demanded it of St. Louis, King of France, on his passing through Acre on his return from the Damietta expedition. Louis, however, indignantly refused. At last the Syrian Assassins were conquered, and their stronghold taken, by Bibars, the Mamluke Sultan of Egypt, fourteen years after the destruction of the Eastern branch by the Monguls. Many, however, found refuge in the mountains of Syria, and became mixed with the Yezzed Koords; and some of the tenets of the order are believed to still linger among them.

Hammer, *Geschichte der Assassinen*; also Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*; and Wilken's *History of the Crusades*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WHEN any one, whose judgment we respect, expresses approbation of an "article" of our writing, it gives it such a gloss in our eyes, that we are sometimes moved, in our vanity, to look at it again, in order to see what has pleased him, and read it by the glad light of companionship. For writing an article, and reading it over afterwards, are two very different things. In writing you give yourself up to your faith in the subject; you are absorbed in it; you do not think of criticism or objection; you are wrapped all round as in a bower of your own building, pleased with the task for its own sake, perhaps with the sense of power. We do not say it is always so; but generally, and when one is in the humour. But on reading over the article when it comes from the printer, the feelings are often very different. You doubt parts of it, perhaps dislike others; we do not mean for their want of truth, but their want of merit,—of spirit. You suspect the public will not like it; that it is dull, common-place; that there is no reason why you should have called their attention to such old stories. You doubt, however true you may have been, whether the public will see the truth with your eyes, or care to see it no better painted. And then the necessity of correcting the press horribly aids these suspicions. It is going over your impulses in cold blood, examining the foot prints you have made in the vivacity of your first impressions; it seems as if you were going to retrace them mechanically in the public eye; and this too, without being sure that they are worth tracing at all.

Conceive then what our pleasure must be, when those who have a right to judge, pronounce our little Journal to have done well, both in spirit and letter; acknowledge the veracity with which we profess to love the objects of our worship, and acquit us of having done them dishonour; nay, recommend our recommendations of them; and above all, though of various parties themselves, and therefore habitually disposed (as it might be thought) to countenance no neutral ground of any sort taken up by one who has fought hard in partizanship himself, unite heartily in approving this cultivation of one sequestered spot in the regions of literature, where party itself is negative as of inferior good to the progress of mankind, and love enshrined as the only final teacher of all knowledge and advancement? No new religion, truly; an ancient and most proclaimed one; and too sacred and wonderful to have justice done it in these small chapels built for conventional persuasion. Yet herein, we conceive, lies our merit, whatever it may be. It is our ambition to be one of the sowers of a good seed in places where it is not common but would be most profitable, to be one of those who should try to render a sort of public loving-kindness a grace of common-life, a conventional, and for that very reason, in the higher sense of the word, a social and universal elegance. We dare to whisper in the ears of the wisest, and therefore of the all-hearing and the kindest-judging, that we would fain do something, however small and light, towards Christianizing public manners. If this effort, lightly as we presume to aid it, be too much for us,—if it be far too premature, too impracticable, too absurd,—if the old ways of advancing or benefitting mankind, are better, or not yet to be dispensed with,—and if the wise see nothing in this portion of our impulses but a mistake generated partly by suffering and partly by great animal spirits and an inveterate sanguineness, yet they will see, at any rate, that our mistake is a thing inclusive, that there are good things of necessity inside it,—and that if we end in doing nothing but extending a faith in capabilities of any sort, and showing some thousands of our fellow-creatures that sources of amusement and instruction await but a touch in the objects around them, to start up like magic, and enrich the meanest hut, perhaps the most satiated ennui, we shall have done something not unworthy to receive the countenance of their unanimity. A ship, going on a voyage of discovery, is privileged from attack, by great nations. A little fairy vessel, laden with cargoes of pleasant thoughts, would, if it could appear, doubtless receive no less the grace of their exemption.

We are constantly receiving letters telling us how rejoiced the writers are to see a paper of this sort set up, how it confirms or renews their hopes, how it brings back a feeling of youth to the old, makes considerate the petulance of the young, and brightens the aspect

of the most familiar objects. Do we take too much credit for this! May heaven so prosper our undertakings, as we can truly say No. An author after a certain time of life, and long struggles, and discoveries painful to his self-love, and (we must add) after discovering that the best thing in him is the love of what is apart from him, and which has no more to do with himself than with every one else,—perhaps also we should say, after being used to the praises of the good-natured,—grows comparatively unambitious of eulogies on a purely literary account. He has learned to make deductions from their applicability to him; and above all, he has learnt (but with pleasure, not with pain) to make deductions from the enthusiasm of the good-hearted, and to know, or think he knows, how much may remain his due, after the proper allowances for the colouring reflected from their own pleasure and their own natures. People like our Journal because they like the things it talks about, and because they see a writer who believes in them, and has a cheerful religion. It is a difficult thing to state the amount of what liking may remain, for ourselves, personally or in a literary point of view; because, on such an occasion, candour and modesty run an equal chance of looking like an affectation. All self-reference runs a hazard of that cast; nor should we have made any, if it had not been impossible to touch upon the nature of a publication like this without it. Suffice to say, that without pretending not to be deeply sensible of approbation from some persons, on any score, by far the greater part of our delight on seeing the progress of this Journal has arisen from the additional proof it has afforded of the natural good-heartedness of men of all parties. Men only mistrust one another, because they think mistrust universal, and that others will not do them justice. They are better than they take each other for, often then they take themselves for; and many a man who feels his reputation in some things to be beyond his deserts, knows that he is mistaken and undervalued in others. If all the world (with a few diseased or monstrously educated exceptions) could see each other just as they are, they would lay down their recriminations with blushes, and embrace each other with pity and regard. The only thing they want is to be candid and compare notes, or to act lovingly as if they had done so; and thus when they see a man who has suffered enough and enjoyed enough so to act, they hail him and believe in him, because they believe in themselves. They feel that he does them justice,—does justice to the natures of most, and the capabilities of all; and therefore they come willingly forth to warm their hands and their hearts, at the fire which he has taken upon him to light.

In addition to the acknowledgments we have made to periodicals, whose continued encouragement is delightful to us, we have now to offer our best thanks to others of all parties, and shades of party, and such as do honour to their respective causes by their zeal and talents,—some of them of the first order,—to the *Atlas*, to the *True Sun*, to the *Glasgow Argus*, the *Northern Herald* (Belfast), the *Western Independent* (Paisley), the *Northampton Mercury* (not Herald, as was formerly mistaken), the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Birmingham Journal*, the *Scotsman*, the *Dublin papers*, with others which we have heard of but not seen, and are afraid of misnaming. The fiercest and most anarchy-loving Radicals (as they are supposed) have, with equal warmth and modesty, commended the humanities and the graces advocated by this Journal, in the person of one of their most popular champions, Mr. Cleave; even the uproarious *Fraser*, whose comfort doth not lie too much on the side of the dulcet, trieth to conclude a sour smile with a sort of sweetness; and lo! the very Jupiter of the Olympus of Toryism, Christopher North himself, parting on either side from him his muttering thunders and his admonished gods, and dressing his looks at the thought of the everlasting Love, bursteth through those cloudy inferiorities, and descendeth in sunshine on our bit of the Golden Age. Metaphor apart, most heartily do we forget old enmities,—most heartily have we long forgotten them, since we found in what loving corners of the heart enmities themselves may grow out of mistakes, and what identity of object may be pursued by different opinions. A man of genius, such as that of the editor of *Blackwood*, cannot, by the very tenure of his genius, by the poetry of his

nature, but desire all the best and noblest things for the world, whatever he may think of the amount of their possibility; and so desiring, he cannot but hail any belief in them, in the sincerity and durability of which he has become convinced; for he knows that such a belief is good for its own sake, and its own poetry, even should it end in producing no happier prose. There are a few words, at the beginning of his notice of this Journal, connecting us with the dearest of our friends, for which alone we should be inclined to love him, nine parts out of ten, had he said even nothing further: and he will not take it amiss, if we add, that we had another friend, with whom he would have shared a mutual admiration had he known him, and with whose writings should we ever find him getting better acquainted (for we can only think he has hitherto but impatiently glanced, not steadily looked at him), we shall love him the remaining tenth. He will know whom we mean; one, who was joyfully said to be killed by the criticism of the Quarterly Review; but whose end, though assuredly none the happier for want of success, was long visible in a frame of extreme sensibility, and delicacy of organization, and was hastened by affectionate vigils at the bed of a dying brother. Alas! hard are the trials through which we go: there is no doubt of that; and harder the thought that we might have done more to lessen those of others, and hasten better times; but in construing things kindly, we acquire a right to think kindly of ourselves; and Mr. Keats's Life was neither so short nor so unhappy as many might suppose it. He lived ten years to another's one. His thoughts, for the most part, were steeped in the riches of a generous heart and a luxuriant imagination. Good God! why are not all men of genius of one mind, like natural brothers? and why do they not make a point of knowing one another, and preventing unworthy impressions? They would carry the world before them (God willing). And so they will, we trust, some day, spinning it like ivory, with easy fingers; for goodwill is surely God's will, and "peace" and "goodwill" are to increase, both according to reverend prophecies and to new signs. Happy they, meanwhile, who can piece out imperfect pretensions with perfect love, casting out the fear even of being considered vain and assuming.

TABLE-TALK.

Admiration and Contempt. Of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it; but unwise contempt is itself a negation; nothing comes of it, for it is nothing.—*Carlyle*.

Never do evil, solely on the ground that it is deserved.—*Bentham*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to Mr. I. J. for the extract from the review of Mr. Landor's book; but another gentleman, who possesses a copy of the book itself, has been kind enough to lend it us.

We fear we cannot gratify our friend D. G. in the regular addition to our plan which he proposes. It is much easier to wish to be able to do these things, than to do them.

The "Return," from the German of Mückler, shall be inserted. Also the letters of J. D. and E. E. upon Goethe. We shall have much pleasure also in publishing the sonnet to Earine, but do not at present exactly understand the connexion between the last three words of the twelfth line and the context.

We regret that we were unable to avail ourselves of the ticket sent us for the shew of Dahlias at the Zoological Gardens. But we shall forget neither the subject, nor the sender.

T. D.'s paper shall be carefully read.

What is the age of TENTATOR? and of the correspondent who writes on "Gallantry?"

Mr. W. of Kensington has obliged us. We will refer to the book he mentions.

We shall gladly take up the subject recommended by W. J.

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